AT EVENING.

the hills the wind is sharp and cold, weet young grasses wither on the wold, re, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold, But evening brings us home.

ng the mists we stumbled, and the roc re the brown lichen whitens, and the ches the straggler from the scattered floo But evening brings us home.

sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet cut and bleeding and the lambs repeat r pitiful complaints,—oh, rest is sweet, When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts. Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star Rises to guide us. We have wandered far. Without Thy lamp we know not where we are. At evening bring us home.

clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thicken.

O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night,—our tardy footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home.

OUT OF STEP.

V. (Continued).

AT THE SCUDDERS'.

Mrs. Scudder's large, plump face was worn and anxious now as it appeared in the open doorway with the light behind it. She thought it was trying of Nely not to answer her. She peered forward, at first not being able to see anything. Then her voice rang sharply. " Nely !"

She was frightened.

"It isn't Nely," said Salome. But she could not yet step forward. Now that she had reached the house there was a sudden weight upon her. She remained leaning against the wall. She had let her shawl slip from her and it lay in a heap at her feet. She had worn no hat.

Mrs. Scudder could not recognize the voice Bewildered, she stepped back and took the light from the stand, returning to the kitchen with it. "It ain't S'lome!" she exclaimed.

Her slow, placid mind had great difficulty in even the attempt to adjust itself. Things were happening at such a rate that it was quite useless to try to understand them. And in all her life things had never happened before.

The girl at the door had made no response, Salome's entire powers were at work to bring to her the strength to walk into that room where Mrs. Scudder had been sitting. She knew directly that Moore must be in that room.

In another moment she advanced a step. It did not seem necessary or worth while to make any reply to Mrs. Scudder. Indeed, she was hardly aware that the woman had spoken.

The girl extended her hand to push Mrs. Scudder from the doorway, which she almost filled. 'Oh, land!" cried the other, "you mustn't go in there, S'lome! He's a stranger; I'll tell you about it. It's awful curious, 'n' 'taint much we know. But where do you s'pose Nely is? I'm real worried. You ain't seen her, have you?"

Salome thrust Mrs. Scudder gently aside. "I've seen Nely." she answered. She was looking at the still form on the bed. 'Oh, you have? There ain't nothin' happened

to her, then ?" Salome advanced and sat down in the chair Mrs Scudder had been sitting in. She leaned forward

with her arms resting on the bedside, her eyes upon Moore's unresponsive face. Mrs. Scudder had kept the lamp in her hand. She now stood with it raised somewhat, so that

was looking at Salome. In a moment she stepped forward softly and set the lamp upon the stand. Then she walked noiselessly from the room and sank into a chair

its light was shed upon the girl sitting there. She

in the darkened kitchen. Tears were rolling down the woman's face There was a strange pang in her heart

She had never seen upon any face the look that was upon Salome's. For a brief time the sight of it took from her all bewilderment and curiosity. At first she could not ask herself how Salome had known this man was here, or how she had known

As Mrs. Scudder was trying to get her handkerchief from some obscure fold in her gown, and as in the endeavor the tears ceased to flow, she heard footsteps outside. She was conscious of a fleeting sense of impatience with her husband that he could continue to snore when she was the subject of so much emotion.

She gave up trying fo find her pocket and her She gave up trying fo find her pocket and her thinking about God," she answered. "But now, when you are suffering so——" said Mrs. Gerry.

Salome turned back toward the bed. "I am thinking of my love"

Nely and Mrs. Gerry. "I do declare!" cried Mrs. Scudder, helplessly. going back to her seat without thinking whether this new visitor would be seated. "It does seem 's

if my mind was goin'," she continued. Mrs. Gerry's face and figure seemed strangely composed as she also walked across the kitchen to the room her daughter had just entered. She care-

fully avoided glancing at Salome. Mrs. Gerry had reached that age when she knew positively that she could not, with outward

calmness, bear some things. And she knew now that she could not bear to see Salome's face. She walked to the bedside, and for a mome bent over the bed. Then she went back and

joined Mrs. Scudder. "Do you know what has happened to him? she asked. Her tone was calm; it was pitched too

high, however. Before Mrs. Scudder had done more than shake her head, Mrs. Gerry went on: "Nely told me all she knew as we were coming; but I thought you

might have learned something more. Mrs. Scudder shook her head again. Now she remarked that she s'posed this young man must he a friend.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gerry promptly and with an appearance of explaining everything. "We knew him in Florida. He was very kind to us. I thought a great deal of him. He had come out

here to call on us. It's dreadful." "It's jest as dretful's it can be," responded Mrs Seudder, "'n' I'm all upset with it. The doctor he's gone to telegraph round. He's goin' to telegraph to the girl he's engaged to. I s'pose she'll be comin' out here. I do hope we sh'll have strength to go through with it. I d'know whether be'll live or die. Dr. Sands said 'twan't no use to give no medicine. He said might's well give medicine to a dead woodchuck. You know his way. I don't like that kind of a way in a doctor myself: but some folks think there ain't nobody

like Doctor Sands." Mrs. Scudder had a recurrence of a desire to reach her handkerchief. She was not in a teary state now, but she felt frustrated, and she could not tell how soon the tears might come again. She stood up and brought her skirt round with a violent movement, absolutely found the pocket this time, and abstracted from it a piece of white

cloth with a wide pink border. "I'm sure I wish I could be as ca'm's you are, Mis' Gerry," she said with some reproach in her tone. "I did think I was likely to be's ca'm's most anybody, but my nerves are all kind of

shook up, somehow." Mrs. Gerry did not reply. She was standing so that she could see her daughter's figure with its head drooped forward toward the bed. With a revulsion of feeling, she now felt she must be

where she could see Saleme. Mrs. Scudder's curiosity began to rise above her real sympathy and kindness. She thought that there were a good many things that she did not understand, and it seemed that she had a right to understand, since her family had been distinguished by finding that man lying insensible by the roadside. She didn't see how she could have her house turned fato a hospital and everything going wrong, and she not able to make butter at her usual time, and likely's not having to do without pies for days at a time, she didn't see how she could endure all this and not know the very ins and outs of the acquaintaree of the Gerrys with that young man; and

he engaged to another young woman who called

Always your Portia." And it was perfectly plain that Salome loved

Mrs. Seudder's sluggish heart almost thrilled at this wonderful complication; it also swelled somewhat with pride at the conviction which now suddenly came to her that her Nely must have known something; her Nely must have been able

to keep a secret. Nely, with skirts heavily wet up to her knees, was sitting in a chair and leaning her head against the wall. At first she had placed herself where she could see Salome as she sat by the bed in the next room. But immediately there came over her a sense that it was something like

sacrilege for her to watch Salome. She wondered how her mother could talk. She

wondered how her father could lie there and sleep. To her the whole air was electrical.

aware that some one was touching her.

close to her. Mrs. Scudder nodded toward the Britain and Ireland the election was merely girl sitting by the bed.

Britain and Ireland the election was merely plebiseite for Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. "Does she know he's engaged?" she whispered

loudly. There was no reply and no movement from Mrs.

Gerry.

"I seen a letter," went on Mrs. Scudder, quite carried away by the romantic interest of her subject, and by the possibilities and complications of it. "The dector took it out of his pocket. There 'its on the stand by the lamp. I jest looked at it. You know the doctor had to find out something 'bout him, so to telegraph round. Oh, my!" here Mrs. Scudder's prominent eyes bulged out still more. "It's a reg lar love letter! I didn't know there was such love-letters only in novels. I hope Nely won't see it. I s'pose some folks take such notions as that 'bout love. It was put together real pretty 'n' interestin', too; 'twas real bright in some places. The doctor he's sent for that woman."

Here there was a very slight movement on Mrs. Gerry's part.

"I s'pose you know all about that woman?"

"I saw her in Florida."

Mrs. Gerry's effort in speaking was so visible that Nely, who at first had paid no attention to the two women, now sprang from her seat and pulled her mother's skirt.

"Do stop, mother!" she exclaimed.

Here Mrs. Gerry, who was really mable to stand any longer, turned to the recrest chair. She was thinking that she had believed Mrs. Sendder to be very kind-hearted; now she had a savage wish to do an injury to a woman who could torture in that way.

"Go 'n' change your clo'es this minute;" exclaimed Mrs. Sendder to Nely. "You'll git your death er cold;""

The speaker was provoked that she had been interrupted. The agitations of the evening were having the appearance of puttine the easy-going nature out of temper. Mrs. Sendder was soriously tried with Mrs. Gerry.

She confided to her husband later that she didn't know that Mrs. Gerry was so kind of unfeelin; but Mrs. Gerry was always one of them ca'm kind.

The time crept on until it was midnight. As the clock struck, Mrs. Sendder, who had been dozing in her rocker, having suddenly desisted from any attempt to talk with Mrs. Gerry, rose and declar dust that she heard where in the chaire, and immediately won the slean dozing in her rocker, having sud "I seen a letter," went on Mrs. Scudder, quite

forme.
But immediately she sunnessed that prayer.

She must, rather, plead that God would enable Sclome to bear her troubles in a way that would

lay.
"Salome," whispered the mother.
The girl said "Yes," without moving from her

"I am thicking of my love"
She extended her hand and touched with the ps of her fingers the lock of hair on Moore's

She extended her hand and thursen with soft her fingers the lock of hair on Moore's forehead.

"God is nothing to me," she said.

Mrs. Gerry shuddered. She stood an instant close to her daughter, her eyes strained as they gazed at her, her lips pressed close'y together. Then she walked silently away and said down in her old place.

God would not send suffering unless for some good nurnesse. God sometimes purified by fire.

Gol would not send suffering unless for some good purpose. Goal sometimes purified by fire.

Such sentences Mrs. Gerry repeated to herself, struggling in a dumb agony to make the words alive with a comforting meaning, rather than mere dead husks with no life in them.

Sometimes as she sat there her eves rested on that square, flat, white object upon the stand. That was Portia Nunally's letter to her lover. And her lover was the man whom Salome loved. Whether he lived or died, Salome must suffer. And Salome could suffer so much. And she was not one who would submit, and be reconciled, and perhaps consoled.

There was the sound of wheels at last. It was a c'clock. That must be Doctor Sands coming with the man he had sent for.

Ev this time Mrs. Scudder in her chair was as soundly sleeping as her husband was upon his longe. Neither of them stired.

Mrs. Gerry went to the door and opened it. In spite of all her strength of nerve she perceptibly shrank back when Miss Nunally stepped within the room.

Miss Nunally was very pale, and her lips were the had a brilliant career, and was graduated with

(To Be Continued.)

A VILE LIE IN THE PILLORY.

From The Gentlewoman.

Weeks before the Royal wedding it was openly whispered that the Duke of York, a gallant sailor and a gentleman, had made a false step, had been a forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and to his sense of honor, and illegal in the eyes of the well-known statute law. That law is simple, None of our Blood Royal can legally contract marriage without the consent of the reigning Sovereign. Morganatic marriages have been recognized as such, and such love-inspired sanctity as attaches to these unions when faithfuly adhered to. The world knows all about them and sympathizes with them. But what said the quidnuncs, the tattlers, the irresponsible, the chattering sparrows who build under the eaves of palaces?

Blankly this, that George of Wales was married; that the name of the place and the name of the lady, alleged to be the daughter of a naval officer of high degree, were known; and both names and places changed and fluctuated as the price of scandal shares rose or fell in the cossip market. Like ill winds the ugly rumor grew apace over the dinner-table and afternoon teapot. Men talked of it—more shame for them!—women murmured it with gliggles and innuendo; the very "outsiders" got hold of it, and all the time the story was positively and absolutely untrue. Think you for an instant that the head of our Church would have married our Prince and Princess had he not first satisfied himself, as we have reason to know he did, that the silly story was wholly untrue, absolutely baseless? The question carries its own answer. No reader of "The Gentlewoman" will now respect so scandalous a story, if, indeed, any one of our readers could be accused of such ill-bred disloyalty. We contradict it directly and with authority.

OLD SONGS REFORE THE QUEEN. From The Birmingham Post.

From The Birmingham Post.

A very pleasing innovation was introduced this week in a musical programme rendered before the Queen at Osborne House a night or two since, which deserves note. Mme. Nordica and Mr. Plunket Greene were the vocalists, with Signor Tosti as accompanist on the plane; and, in addition to the accustomed repertory, there were given two old Irish songs, arranged by Dr. Villiers Stanford, an old Scotch song, arranged by Miss Lucy Broadwood, and an old Cornish song, "Where be Going?" arranged by Mr. Arthur Somervell, all being sung by Mr. Greene. The introduction of this last into a royal programme may be considered due to the labors of the Rev. Sabine Barling-Gould, the well-known novelist, whose collection of the words and tunes of the half-forgotten songs of the West Country deserve all praise.

him "My dearest," and who signed herseld | FRENCH POLITICAL LEADERS.

MEN OF THE REPUBLIC. STATESMEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN TO-

DAY'S GENERAL ELECTION.

M. CARNOT, THE PRESIDENT-M. CONSTANS, THE STRONG MINISTER-M. CLEMENCEAU, THE FIGHTING RADICAL-OTHER WELL-

KNOWN PARTY LEADERS. It is a curious coincidence that the chief four nations of the world should all hold general elections within the space of a little more than a year. Last summer such an election was held in Great Britain and Ireland. Last fall the United States held one. Early in the present summer the German Empire was the scene of Mrs. Gerry, standing upright, not thinking of a third. And to-day the fourth will occur in sitting, her eyes on Salome's drooped head, was the French Republic. The last-named differs from its predecessors, however, in turning on no one She turned enough to see her hostess standing great personality or definite issue. In Great plebiseite for Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. In this country it was to decide between Benjamin Harrison and a Protective Tariff and Grover Cleveland and a Revenue Tariff. In Germany the Emperor himself and his Chancellor furnished the personalities, and the Army bill the issue. carried away by the romantic interest of her sub-ject, and by the possibilities and complications no one dominant issue is to be decided. For there is searcely a possibility of any result other than a substantial continuance of the present form

of government and the present general policy.

Such personal interest as there is in the election, however, centres chiefly upon M. Sadi Carnot. The result of the polling will express, so far as it can be expressed, the judgment of the French people upon his Administration. More than that, it will indicate their wish whether or not that Administration for to be prolonged through a second term: for this new Chamber of Deputies will, in



the ordinary course of events, next year take part, with the existing Senate, in the choosing wooden automator, such as Caran d'Aches play-ful fancy pictured him, must feel some interest in the popular verdict. Yet just how deep that interest is, he would be rash who should attempt to reckon. M. Carnet is a son of that Hippolyte Carnet who was a Senator of France, and who wrote a life of Barere which almost apotheosized that un-peckable ruffan. Macaulay then, in the most scathing of all his reviews, gibbeted the subject and unavoidably, to some extent, the book itself. This so engaged the author that ever thereagainst the whole of England. On the other hand, M. Carnot is a grandson of that Lazare Carnot who "organized victory" for the First Selome to bear her troubles in a way that would be for her eternal good.

Eternal good. That phrase took its place in the woman's thoughts. She must cling to that It was all there was. If she could only bring Salome to think of it also. Salome was so keenly, so nassionately alive to the present.

Once, overborne by her anxiety. Mrs. Gerry went to Salome, who was still sitting with her arms resting on the side of the bed where Moore lay.



the room.

Miss Nunally was very pale, and her lips were be head a brilliant career, and was graduated with ligh honors. His professional career was also brilliant, and the "Terrible Year" found him a State engineer and one of the foremost in France. He organized the defences of Nermandy with consummate skill, and then was made Prefect of the Lower Seine. After the war the Cote d'Or returned him as a Deputy. He joined the Left Centre, and then drifted into the Opportunist ranks. In France it may almost be said that "to every man upon this earth"—or in public life—a Ministerial office "cometh, soon or late." M. Carnot's first portfolio was that of Public Works, in M. Ferry's Cabinet. Then he had that of Finance in the Cabinets of MM. Brisson and De Freyeinet. In these offices he displayed no pyrotechnic brilliancy, but an austere probity, a dignity, a patriotic devotion, and withal, a clear-brained, common-sense statesmanship which recalled the classic school of French Republicanism to which his illustrious grandfather belonged.

These Ministerial services were rendered in the days of M. Grevy, whose administration, stricken with senile avariee, presently tottered to a dis-honored fall. On his enforced resignation there was much perplexity regarding the choice of his successor. M. Ferry-no; "le Tonkinois" was impossible. General Saussier-not he; for the Royalists named him and he repudiated them. M. de Freycinet-he had shown himself too eager a candidate. So every other prominent politician was considered and rejected, until the name of M. Sadi Carnot was reached. Then it was recalled was a close follower of Gambetta, but later broke Presidential crisis, M. Rouvier had referred to a sufficiently aggressive in his radicalism. Minister of Finance whose stalwart honesty had

Mme. Carnot is a fitting companion for this kill me?" loyal, high-minded gentleman. Her intellectual As a ps brilliancy and social graces have given to French official life a charm it had scarcely known before in this generation. She will look, says a is unique, and devoid of resonant phrases that recent visitor, five-and-twenty to the day of her wind up in ear-tickling climax. There is no death, despite the presence of a married daughter. Youth is bound fast to her by the ties of health and amiability. If you visit her on her reception day you are first greeted by the sight and smell of baskets, vases, beds full of flowers, looking as though they were in their natplace of being. Everything, however rare



have been where it is, was there yesterday and will be there to morrow. M. Carnot was married to this charming woman when he was only twenty-one years old, and has given to her every hour and every thought of his life not claimed by professional public duties.

After the President himself, probably the most important Republican leader is M. Constans. He won his honorable tame during the écriler part of M. Carnot's Administration, when he held the portfolio of the Interior. He was known as "the strong Minister," and well deserved the distinction. It was he who exposed the treesonable magainations of General Boulanger, brought them to paught and drove their author into dishonered exile. It was he too, who showed himself, more than any other man of his time in France, the moster of the mob and the capable upholder of law and order against the turbulent forces of crime and anarchy. Since his retirement from office there have prevailed romers of estrangement and even of camity between him and M. Carrot, the truth of which no meens well established. Certainly "the strong Minister"-or ex Minister-hus shown



antagonism to his former chief. And a was a compendium of those very principles and policies of conservative republicanism which have marked M. Carnot's Administration, M. Con stans may be a candidate for the Presidency, but he will not seek to reach that office by striking down its present holder. Nor is a second term for M. Carnot concurrently with the Premiership for M. Constans in any wise to be omitted from the list of political possibilities.

Dr. George Clemencean has long been the best leader of the Radicals of France, and has seemed to have a charmed political life, so surely has he survived disasters that would have ruined most men. He was identified with General Boulanger's rise to power, yet escaped the opprobrium that finally fell upon that adventurer and so many of his friends. He suffered temporary eclipse in the mark of Panama, but has now regained his place, and stands as well as ever His radicalism is inborn. His father was a



comrade of Louis Blanc, and was arrested by the Prince-President" in the coup d'etat. Geor Clemenceau was prepared for high-school en tirely by his mother, and learned English in boy hood in order to read "Robinson Crusoe" in the original. As a medical student he was brilliant, and as an agitator against the Empire, in the student-world of the Latin Quarter, he was su perb. Cluseret, afterward a notorious Communist, was his closest friend. He is now one of his Mazas prison for a time. When he was let out h came to America, settled in Connecticut, taught French, practised medicine and got married to a Yankee girk. In 1870 he returned to Paris and joined forces with Gambetta. During the siege of Paris he rose to great popularity, and wa elected to the Assembly. But when the Government refused to parley with the Commune he re signed, along with MM. Floquet and Lockroy, During Marshal MacMahon's Alministration h that a little while before, at the beginning of the with him, because the great Opportunist was not

M. Clemenceau is a born fighter, intellectually Elysee; whereupon the Chamber, and all France, de Cassagnae, the "Bonapartist tiger," to fight a Minister was M. Sadi Carnot. And so, on December 3, 1887, they elected him President of the Republic. Until the result was announced be probably had no thought of being chosen. Certainly he betrayed scarcely the slightest personal interest in the balloting. And when it was all over, he was so little-or so much?—elated that he neglected to telegraph the news to his wife. Happily, some one clse did tell her, forthwith: else she would have been startled half out of her wits to see him coming home, in the middle. He wanted Cassagnae and nine other Republicans, and night to the death. Cassagnae, famous lighter as he was, refused to do it, unless he could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other news to the death. Cassagnae, famous lighter as he was, refused to do it, unless he could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other near the could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other needs to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But trom the Department of the Seine in 1871. But the one of could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other needs to the Assembly of his colleagues, he was elected to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But the one of could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other needs to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But the one of could have Gambetta for an opponent. On one other needs to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But the one of the Republicans, and fight to the death. Cassagnae, famous lidence of thing. Escaping the fate of many of his colleagues, he was elected to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But to the day of his colleagues, he was elected to telegraph the news to his wife. Thiers of complicity in Radical conspirates and was arrested and confined in the Clateau of Paul Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But to the day of his colleagues, he was elected to telegraph the news to his wile. The news to make the probability is an enormous action. The said is the probab had vociferously applauded. Now that Finance duel. He wanted Cassagnae and nine other

of the afternoon, escorted by a troop of cavalry. been in special training for several weeks for Perhaps he felt then more than he appeared to feel; and perhaps he does now. But at any rate he faces to-day's momentous decision with the same placid demeaner that was his six records.

been in special training for several weeks for the avowed purpose of killing me. Now, I am not an assassin. Excepting that hound, Rochelor, I never wanted to kill any man. Why same placid demeanor that was his six years ago. | should I stand up before a man who wants to

As a parliamentary leader, M. Clemenceau compels the Chamber to listen to him as often and as long as he chooses to speak. His oratory wind up in ear-tickling climax. There is no apparent art, and certainly no artifice in his periods. What strikes one first is intensity, and method in arrangement exists, but is not at once perceptible. Ideas come so fast and with such strength and brightness that attention cannot flag. One feels that the speaker is ready to practice what he preaches, and the last man to furl his flag or rich, looks not as though it were "got up", and hide it. His gestures are rare and instinctive; for the occasion, but as though it must always one of them is to hold his big, full forehead in his hands, and then to push them out from himelinehed. However suddenly put upon his mettle, he has the right word on the tip of his FINELY DECORATED SCREENS. tongue. His irony is dreadful, but sparingly used, and in a touch-and-go manner. No part of the speech has been learned by heart, but the subjects with which it deals have been laborlously mastered and thought out during sleepless nights. When expecting to make a speech, M. Clemenceau is troubled with insomnia and the attendant nervousness. In the tribune, and particularly if hotly interrupted, his blood gets up and he regains ses moyens physiques. In enthusiasm for ideas he is Though fond of plain spech, he has a passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and is as good a judge of pictures and brie-a-brae as M. Rochefort. He steeps all the year round before an open window, looking out on a fifth floor balcony, which in summer is bright with sky-blue vases and blooming plants.

M. Charles D. de Freyeinet has been so long in public life and in page and page of the state of t

public life and is now so advanced in years that



be is falling into the background and can scarcely be reckoned a Presidential possibility. He is still, however, a considerable force in French polities and must be taken into account. The "little gray mouse," as he has been dubbed, was born in 1828, and was educated as an engineer. During the latter part of the war with Germany he was at the head of the Military Department of the Government, and upon him fell much unjust and unreasoning popular blame for the disasters of the "Terrible Year." So unpopular was he, indeed, that he was unable, for some time, to get elected to the Assembly. Nor did he mend matters by his "History of the War in the Provinces Durone interesting figure will be missing in the new chamber. This is M. Pierre Blanc, the "father of the Public Works portfolig in the Dufaure Cabinet. That position he retained in several successive Cabinets, and in it made a great name for himself through his successful plan for the base of the annexation of Savoy to France. He has been a French Deputy since 1876. ing the Siege of Paris," which provoked a vast



Centre and the Charlottes of the Radical Left The most opposite camps imagine that he is one of Meirs, and yet the fact is, M. de Freycinet is independent of them all. Remarkably elever and not a little sceptical, he is, in turn, Dr. Tant-Pis and Dr. Tant-Mieax. His clever brain and wonderful perspicacity reveal to him the pros and cons of every situation, so that he is always adverse to tying his bands by making any fixed promises or taking any deeisive stand. When he rises to speak he is full of grace, easy amiab lity, persuasive insinuation; he appears to be very clear and precise, although he is not. In his nots he is clever in concealing his inconsistencies and his lack of decision by apparent firmness. If M. de Freyeinet showed in his speeches a power of feeling and imagination equal to his power of understanding and explain-ing he would be the first of our orators. If in his conduct his strength and determination to earry out resolutions equalled his fertility and ingenuity in discovering expedients, M. de Freyeinet would be the first of our statesmen."

M. Ribot must be ranked conspicuously among the Moderate Republican leaders. In person he is tall and quiet looking, with an air of belonging to a bygone age, though he is still comparatively young. Like M. Carnot, he has the austere virtues of the classic period. His probity and disinterestedness are beyond question; his fidelity to principle is unwavering, and his will seems made of hardened steel. As a speaker in the most bitter enemies. Napoleon shut him up in Chamber he is dignified and courteous, cogent and convincing; and something of suppleness or magnetism alone seems lacking to have made hin, an almost unrivalled leader of men M. Floquet, who suffered something in repu-

tation through Panama, may still be accounted a considerable power in the Radical wing of the Republican party. His career has been marked by a number of dramatic incidents, beginning away back in the Empire, when he was once arrested for violating the law which forbede more than twenty persons to meet for the disthe visit of Czar Alexander II to Paris he distinguished himself by shouting in the face of withstood temptation and pressure even from the and physically. In 1874 he challenged M. Paul that menarch, "Vivo la Pologue, Monsieur!" After the fall of the empire he became an assistant to the Mayor of Paris; but when the Com-

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BAMBOO SCREEN FRAMES made to order.

a commission was formed for the purpose of a commission was formed for the purpose of invalidating the return of members belonging to the Conservative party. M. Floquet became an active partisan in the propaganda carried on in the provinces. Later on he was elected Prefect of the Department of the Seine, a post which he soon relinquished in consequence of the persistent operation offered to his views by the Reactionary party. Then, shortly afterward, he was elected President of the Chamber of Representatives, which was the stepping-stone to the high position of Prime Minister and President of the Council.

The majestic and sententious M. Henri Brisson, at one time President of the Chamber, was once regarded as almost sure to become President of the Republie; but is now probably "out of the running." M. Rene Goblet, once President of the Council, is a power in Radicalism, a little active, headstoog man, ultra in everything. M. Camille Pelletan, the close friend of M. Clemenceau, is the poet in politics; a romantic, artistic figure, ever making obrases, coining epigrams, and posing with studied carelessness of grace. M. Challemel-Lacour has been called the Roscoe Conkling of the French Senate-of which body he is now President-on account of his lofty eloquence and the deadly sureusm and invective with which it is often marked. An Academician, he ranks high as a philosopher and man of letters. M. Leon Say, an almost perpetual Minister of Finance, is a grandson of Jean Baptiste Say, the famous economist. He, too, is an Academistian, a journalist, a diplomat and a statesman to whom almost anything may be possible in the way of honorable achievement.

M. Dapuy was little known when M. Carnot The majestic and sententions M. Henri Brisson,

M. Dupuy was little known when M. Carnot made him Prime Minister. During his tenure of office he has shown both strength and weakness, but on the whole has impressed the country well, and seems to be a man with a future. The Foreign Minister, M. Develle, has won his spurious that performs of Sam, and has undoubtedly, by that performs of Sam, and has undoubtedly, by that performs of Sam, and has undoubtedly, and himself and for the was brovernment.

successive Cabinets, apd in it made a great name for himself through his successful plan for the purchase of the railroads of France by the Government, and for the construction of great docks at various ports. He has also held other portrollos, including those of Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister for War.

A recent French writer has described M. de freyeinet as "the Don Juan of French polities None better than he knows how to court, at one of the much chance in the new Chamber will be more Radical." M. Loekrov says: "There will not be much chance in the new Chamber "M. Ribort.

And the same time, M. Ribort.

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THE TYRANT MAN.

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THE DOG WAS THE FINAL SUFFERER FOR THE MILLIONAIRE'S COMPLAINT.

"Reing a keen observer," mused Mr. Greathead, "I am greatly impressed with the manifest ten-dency of the strong to inflict pain upon the weak. I have found this to be true not only from my observations of the animal kingdom, but also fr my studies of that bundle of inconsistencies, man. I have noticed that an individual clothed in a little brief authority is prone to take advantage of the unfortunate persons who may be subject to his commands.

"I passed a large office building the other day which was in process of erection, and hearing loud and angry voices I stopped to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The millionaire who owned the property was displeased with the manner in which the work of construction was being carried on and was rebuking the head contractor most volubly. I paused to witness the outcome of the affair. When the owner had departed the head contractor abused his superintendent roundly, and the superintendent then in good set terms swore at the master mason and the captain of the hod-carriers. These individuals made it uncomfortable for their inferiors, and the masons and the hod-carriers addressed most disrespectful and abusive invectives to the man in charge of the engine which was in process of erection, and hearing loud invectives to the man in charge of the engine used to hoist their materials to the upper stories, complaining that he was slow in the performance of his duties. Then the engineer struck the fireman with his clinched fist, and the fireman refireman with his clinched fist, and the fireman refireman with which his felings by going out and kicking a level his feelings by going out and kicking a level his feelings by going out and kicking a street. Thus do the weak suffer and the dumb street. Thus do the weak suffer and the dumb street was undergo hardships on account of the perversity of the tyrant, man."

SAGACITY IN HORSES.

William White in Nature.

From the window opposite, as I write, I have just witnessed an interesting performance on the part of two horses. Bordering the park is a strip of land, two horses. Bordering the park is a strip of land, doomed to be built upon, but meanwhile lying waste, doomed to be built upon, but meanwhile lying waste, and used for common pasturage, on which the horses and used for common pasturage, on which the horses and used for common pasturage. A pony in a cart having been unwisely left by the owner for a time unattended on the grass, suddenly started off, galloping over the uneven ground at the risk of overturning the cart. The two horses, upon seeing this, immediately joined in parsuit with evident zest. My first supposition, that they were merely joining in the eacugade in a frolicsome spirit, was at once disproved by the methodical and business-like manner of their procedure. They soon reached the runnway, by this lime on the road, one on one side of the cart, and one the other; then, by regulating their pace, they cleverly contrived to intercept his progress by gradually coming together in advance of him, thus stopping him immediately in the triangular corner they formed. Until the man came up to the peny's head they remained standing thus together quite still; when two horses, evidently satisfied that all was now right without any fust trotted back again together to their grass. William White in Nature.

grass.

The sagacious conduct of the horses, acting in such perfect co-operation, formed a pretty sight; and it was apparent that, instead of making the pony more ceited, they really pacified and calmed him. Why should they not receive "honorable mention" as much as if they were proud human beings!